every guard by name. An old man with a long snow-white beard boasted that he had made the round trip from Yakutsk to Moscow and back more than ten times, each journey taking from a year to a year and a half.

We traveled several days with the old man and were locked together in the deportation ward in Krasnoyarsk. The barracks had three huge rooms with wide arches between them. Each room had plank beds in the middle. My place was between Rogovsky and the old hobo. I carried the lumps of sugar with the money knotted in a handkerchief tied to my belt. In the morning, I discovered that the kerchief was gone.

Rogovsky was certain someone had stolen the money and thought we could do nothing about it. But I wanted to make a try. Standing on the plank bed, I clapped my hands to attract attention and said, "During the night I lost a kerchief with some money in it. If anybody has found it, please return it to me! I am going to the penitentiary, and that money is all I have."

My speech was greeted with loud jeers. "Why do you tell this yarn? Lost, found!" the old tramp said. "Sheer nonsense! Somebody has stolen your money, so better look for the thief!"

"There are many thieves here," I answered, "but no decent thief would steal money from a prisoner, especially one on his way to the penitentiary."

He laughed sadly. "How foolish can a learned man be! I am telling you—look for the thief."

Three hours passed. The tramp came to me again and asked, "Have you found the thief?"

"I am not looking for a thief," I replied.

"Oh yes, you are waiting until that honorable gentleman who found your money returns it to you. You will wait a long time! Where do you think you are? Nonsense!"

In the evening he asked me again: "Still waiting for the thief?"

"There was no theft!" I replied.

The old man sighed and said regretfully, "There was none. Here is your money. Keep it. You lost the kerchief and I picked it up. I made up my mind. If you, mister, say this was a theft, the money is mine. But it looks as though you really believe no decent thief would steal money from a prisoner. All right with me. Keep your money." He seemed both angry and sorry things turned out that way.

The last lap of the long journey was forty miles on foot from Irkutsk to Alexandrovsk, in two days. The road ran from hill to hill, through forests and fields, with villages in the valleys. Never had I seen the sky so blue, the trees so green, the clouds so white. Never had I noticed that clouds were like domes with rings of angels above them. I had